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THORNBURY CHURCH, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

THE parochial church of Thornbury, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Castle, engraved in the *Mirror*, vol. xxix. p. 273. — Indeed, it is ascertained that a passage of communication formerly existed between the church and the castle. It is generally believed, that, notwithstanding the antiquity and former extent of this place, there was no church at Thornbury before the Conquest; at least, such has been inferred from the silence of Domesday upon the subject; although this is not an infallible criterion. — The present structure is of a much later origin than the eleventh century.

The church is a large and handsome edifice, displaying, in its principal parts, the architecture of the fifteenth century. Sir Robert Atkyns, in his *History of Gloucester*, notices a tradition, according to which, the “body of the church and the tower were built by Fitz-Harding, who dwelt at Roll’s Place; and the south aisle was built by Edward Lord Stafford,” who flourished in the reign of Richard II.; but the character of the fabric, its design and ornaments, evince a much later architectural date. The church

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consists of a nave, transept, and two aisles: above the nave is a clerestory, and a tower rises from the western end. The windows throughout the body of the church are of that expansive form, which characterises the florid style of ecclesiastical architecture that obtained under Henry VI. and Edward IV. — The nave and aisles are crowned with an embattled parapet, the aisles having pinnacles. The tower is of graceful proportions, and highly decorated: its battlements are perforated, as are also its delicate and richly-worked pinnacles, which have an airy and elegant appearance. Throughout this tower, and the great central tower of Gloucester Cathedral, built about the middle of the fifteenth century, may be traced a general resemblance. Thornbury may be safely pronounced one of the numerous churches that were erected during the rage of intestine warfare between the houses of York and Lancaster, at the instigation of the ecclesiastics, and, probably, intended as monumental atonements for bloodshed, and other crimes, among the chief persons engaged in those destructive inroads on “fair England’s peace.” The frequent introduction of the *Stafford*

knot denotes the *family* under whose auspices the principal parts were completed.

The interior is rich in details, and is in good preservation. The nave is divided from the aisles by six pointed arches; and the effect of the clerestory is extremely light and pleasing. The depressed arch, indicating the approach of our national architecture to its last and florid stage, prevails in nearly all the windows west of the chancel. The great east window is walled up, and on the inner side are inscribed the decalogue, &c., enriched with *Grecian* ornaments!

The communication already mentioned was by a gallery, leading from the cloister of the castle to the church, and communicating with a room, in which the Duke of Buckingham and his family sometimes sat to hear the service. This apartment has long since been destroyed; but, on the outer side of the north wall of the chancel, are traces of a large archway, now blocked up, which is thought to have been connected with the room just noticed.

Among the monuments in the church is one to Sir John Stafford, Knt., "gentleman-pensioner, during the space of forty-seven years, to Queen Elizabeth and King James." This member of the Stafford family was also founder of an almshouse, in Thornbury.

Sir Robert Atkins states, that "there were four chantries in this church: one dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and erected in the year 1499; another was called Barne's Chantry; the other two were Brui's Chantry and Slynbridge Chantry, whereof the abbey of St. Austin, in Bristol, was patron. The lands belonging to these two chantries were granted to Sir Arthur Darcie, in the seventh of Edward VI."

There are two chapels attached to the church; namely, Oldbury and Falfield. The benefice was given to the abbot of Tewkesbury, by Gilbert de Clare; and, after the dissolution of religious houses, was obtained by Christ Church College, Oxford, with which institution the patronage is at present vested.*

The prefixed print is from a spirited lithograph, a companion to that of Thornbury Castle, published by Mr. Davey, 1, Broadstreet, Bristol; from which city Thornbury is distant eleven miles northward.

CORONATIONS.—VII.

AUSTRIAN REGALIA.

THE following description of the regal insignia, used at the coronation of the Emperor of Austria, as King of Bohemia, is given by a recent writer:—"The lower circle of the crown, which is of fine gold, is in four

divisions, connected by hinges. From these divisions rise four broad-expanding *fleur-de-lis*: the first contains three square rubies, in the three leaves, a large pear-shaped ruby at the bottom, and a pearl at the peak; underneath, on the main band or circlet, is a large, oval sapphire, with a round ruby on each side;—the second, with the part of the band beneath it, contains seven sapphires and a pearl;—the third, fifteen rubies and a pearl;—the fourth, seven large, and four small, sapphires, two rubies, and a pearl. Rising from the hinges between the *fleur-de-lis*, are four acorn-shaped rubies; crossing at right angles from the opposite *fleur-de-lis*, and of the same height, are two narrow, semicircular bands of gold: the first studded with seven rubies, eight emeralds, and four pearls; the second, with six rubies, ten emeralds, and four pearls. From the point of contact of these bands rises a gold Maltese cross, containing within it a smaller cross, in enamel, with the Crucifixion. On the summit of the gold cross is a sapphire; and from each of the arms projects an acorn-shaped ruby: the back displays four pearls and four rubies. The following are the number of jewels in the crown; namely, forty-seven rubies, twenty sapphires, eighteen emeralds, and sixteen pearls; and it is eight inches high. It dates from the time of the Emperor Charles IV., for whom it was originally made; the former crown being melted for the purpose. The orb, which is of gold, very elaborately worked, is four inches in diameter, and eight high. In the centre is a band, containing four rubies and four sapphires, between each of which are vine-leaves in enamel; the grapes being represented by pearls. Beneath this band is depicted, in relief, the Creation of Man; and above, scenes from the history of David. From the top rises a superb cross, with a ruby in the centre; four sapphires in the corners, and a ruby beneath the undermost sapphire. There is a pearl on the summit, and one at the extremity of each arm;—projecting transversely from the central ruby, and between the four sapphires, are four gold stalks, each supporting a pearl, representing an unblown tulip; on the back is the motto, *Deus cælum regnat et reges terræ*. The sceptre, which is two feet in length, is of fine gold, elaborately worked in enameled vines; two rings, of twenty-five pearls each, encircle the handle above and below; and there is a third ring of twelve pearls nearer the top, on which there is a large, square ruby;—the upper part is ornamented with laurel-leaves and vines, in scrolls, projecting from the main part; and contains two rubies, two emeralds, and two pearls.

W. G. C.

* The substance of these descriptive details is abridged from Storer's *Delineations of the county of Gloucester*; the letter-press by J. N. Brewer, Esq.

CORONATION OF QUEENS.

In the coronation of the queen-consort, no convent is asked from the people as to the person to be crowned; no oath is administered, no homage or allegiance is offered; and, though the queen's coronation is performed at the same place, and usually on the same day, as that of the sovereign, it is a subsequent and distinct solemnity. It proceeds from the king, and is granted to his consort for the honour of the kingly office. Among the Romans, the wife of their emperor had the title of Augusta, which was always conferred with some ceremonies, and, latterly, by that of consecration. In Germany, the empress is both crowned and anointed. The queens of France are not crowned with the king, but at the abbey of St. Denis, near Paris.

W. G. C.

LONDON CORONATION PAGEANTS.

THESE mythological and emblematical pageants were once courtly vehicles of flattery: for instance, Apollo and the Muses saluted her Majesty upon Ludgate-hill, and the Graces took their station in Fleet-market; Saint Anne, her Majesty's nance saint, met her in Cheapside; and the "Curdinnl Virtues" (we fear for the last time) were seen collectively at Temple-bar. A fountain, inscribed with the name of Helicon, ran with hock sufficient in quantity to inspire all the population of Parnassus, and the conduit of Cheap overflowed with claret.

CALAIS.—III.

WE now come to a very interesting locality of Calais, named the *Courgain*, facing the harbour basin, and originally a large bastion of the fortifications. It was not walled in until the year 1622, though it had been enclosed with palisades prior to that date. This site was, in 1622, given to the fishermen of the port, who built thereon seven very narrow parallel streets, enclosed by an eighth street, the whole filling the triangle formed by the bastion. This singular place is under the municipal administration of the town; but the customs, dress, and *patois* of the inhabitants, are very peculiar. They are very superstitious; their food is principally fish, which, when sold by auction, are put up at a price considerably above their real value, and this sum is diminished by the seller until one cries "*Maingle*," (handle or take,) when the lot is sold to the person so bidding. The *patois* expels the *sh* or *ch* soft, even when the speakers are using English; for this articulation the *c* or *s* alone being substituted. In 1718, the *Courgain* was enlarged on the west side of the outward wall next to

the harbour, by the erection of several houses, all which were demolished by the orders of Buonaparte in 1803. The inhabitants of the *Courgain* subsist by their trade in fish, of which great quantities are sent to St. Omer, Aire, Lille, Douai, Paris, &c. Yet, the lot of the poor fisherwomen is indeed pitiable: sometimes, for a few shrimps, scarce enough for her own meal, she endures a whole day's exposure to the angry billows, and the fatal shifting of the sand at the mouth of the harbour; whence, not unfrequently, the guideless net or basket floats back alone, to tell the impatient orphan the loss of an industrious mother.

Towards the centre of the town wall, on the north side, near the gate of the *Courgain*, is a monument to the memory of two citizens of Calais, who were drowned in attempting to save a shipwrecked crew, on October 18, 1791, on which day twenty-one seamen were rescued by four other citizens.

The *Basse-Ville*, (suburbs,) called also the parish of St. Pierre, remains to be noticed: it is situated on the inland side of the town, and is interspersed with pleasant seats and gardens. It is laid out in streets, so that it will one day form a regular town. The parish offers many advantages not enjoyed in Calais; its taxes are very low, and the *octroi*, or municipal duty, being avoided, provisions are much cheaper. Already the *Basse-Ville* has its town-hall, quay, schools, and chapels; *jardin des plantes*, and Vauxhall Gardens. Lace and bobbin-net manufacture supports many poor families in the *Basse-Ville*, as well as in Calais. Yet the suburb is not entirely new; for it has a spacious hospital, which was built in 1690, and repaired throughout in 1826. The number of houses has been more than quadrupled within the last four-and-twenty years. The total population of Calais and the *Basse-Ville*, natives and foreigners, was, in 1830, 15,682.

In the environs of Calais are many sites associated with English history. *Ham*, or *Hammes*, about four miles distant, once had strong fortifications, in which the English monarchs of old immured the objects of their resentment, these newly-conquered places not being subject to the general laws of Great Britain: we are told that an Earl of Oxford was starved in a fortress here, and his body concealed. About a mile and a half beyond Ham is situated the once-celebrated town of Guines, since the taking of Calais by the French, celebrated for its chapels of the Protestants, denominated Huguenots: the walls of the town were raised in 1557; but some ten or twelve feet of the keep of the castle remain. In the forest adjoining, is a column, once surmounted by a sculptured balloon, to denote the spot whereon, Jan. 7, 1785, the aeronauts, Blanchard and Jefferies, descended

from a balloon; they being the first that ever so crossed the straits between England and France.

It was on the central plain between the forests of Guines and Ardres, that the celebrated interview of the Gold Cloth Field took place, June the 7th, 1520, between Henry VIII. of England, and the French king, Francis I. A palace of wood, after the model of the Wool-staple, was brought from England for this occasion, and set up near the south gate of Guines. The splendour of the different tents, covered with gold cloth, whence the name given by historians to this memorable interview, is said to have surpassed all description: nor was the number less considerable; there being, to use the words of an author of those times, "twenty-eight hundrede sundray lodgings, that was a goodlie sight," which, with the chapel, lists, culinary and other offices, ovens, &c., undoubtedly extended over the whole plain to Brèmes, the first village within the French pale.

At about four short leagues from Calais is the neat little town of Ardres, remarkable for the regularity of its fortifications. Its form within the first wall is that of a hexagon, but whose east and west sides are something longer than any of the other four. Every angle is defended by a bastion; the curtains between by demilunes; and these again by other out-works; while the whole is surrounded with springs and streams of most excellent water. It was built about the year 1300.

The neighbourhood on all sides bears traces of its military occupation in past ages: so late as 1818, the remains of a handsome English fort were demolished; broken lines are numerous; eastward, along the hills that skirt the open sea, are the White Downs, at which terminated the English camp at the siege of 1347; and a few years since was found an ancient cannon, charged with a leaden ball and powder, and supposed to have belonged to the fleet that besieged or blockaded Boulogne, under Henry VIII. in 1544.* Wissant and Vimereux dispute with Calais and Boulogne the honour of being the spot where Julius Cæsar embarked to invade England: at Ambleteuse, James II. landed after the Revolution of 1688; and numerous lanes and places to this day bear the name of *Anglais*.

Happily, however, the whole plain now beams with peaceful industry and smiling nature, so as not unfrequently to obliterate the war-works of former ages. Here coal-mines are worked by an English steam-engine; on the other side are manufactories of pottery, glass, and cotton-net, with their busy population; marble quarries, and the

* This interesting relic was purchased by Lord Middleton, in 1822, for the sum of 50*l*.

distant smoke of lime-kilns, denote that the materials for improvement are at hand; the roadsides and the more rural portion are interspersed with cottages and elegant *chateaux*; the cultivated districts grow excellent grain; and the once barren common ground, enclosed in 1794, is now changed into fragrant parterres and luxuriant gardens. The market of Calais is well supplied with fruit and vegetables, not forgetting that indispensable ingredient in French cookery, the *Rumex*, or sorrel, for which every gardener leaves an ample plot. Half-yearly fairs, each of about a fortnight's duration, are held in the *Grande Place*, and are well stocked with clothing, jewellery, books, music, toys, &c. Every hamlet in the vicinity has its summer *ducasses*, or *fêtes*: "they manage these things better in France;" and the English visitor is compelled to admit, that the amusements of the people are there more simple than in his own country; for a French *fête* is higher in the scale of enjoyment than an English fair.

And now, returning from our descriptive tour by Calais Green, instead of the ball-marks from the useless piece of ordnance on Dover Castle Hill, (noticed in our last *vol.*) we find our countrymen enjoying the noble, truly English game of cricket—far more healthful than the game of war. Surely, it is better to sit under one's own fig-tree (or hotel,) than to stand the brunt of a bad fire; at least, such has been our impression as we have lingered on the shores of Calais, tracing the long white cliffs and purple castle of dear England over the wide yet placid sea.†

Public Improvements.

THE PARKS OF LONDON.

WE are about to lay before our readers some remarks upon the Parks of London; and we seize the opportunity, in the first place, of remarking the very great improvements in beauty and convenience, that have recently been effected, and of acknowledging the benefits which latter administrations, but more particularly the existing commission, have secured to the public.

To those who remember the Hyde Park of twenty years past, the difference must be

† The antiquarian details of this and the preceding papers have been, in the main, condensed from a very interesting *Guide to Calais*, by S. W. Syddell, upwards of twenty years resident in the town. We recommend every Englishman who makes but a day's stay in Calais to purchase this little book; for, independently of its historical interest in pointing out the antiquities of the town and neighbourhood, he will soon save its cost by the "General Information for Visitors," which it contains. We have found Calais, by occasional visits and sojourns, a much more interesting place than it is generally supposed to be. Mrs. Starke does not show her usual accuracy of observation, in saying "it contains no object of interest," as we trust the foregoing papers prove.

very striking; but even within a very short space of time, it has risen from a barren waste, edged round by a narrow road, to a verdant lawn studded with well-disposed plantations, and an arrangement of walks and drives that cannot be surpassed. Kensington Gardens, too, so strikingly described by a celebrated French beauty of the day as a "*Beau triste*," has no longer that sombre character. The thinning of the trees, the removal of the lower branches that impeded the circulation of air, the improvement of the walks, and the additional well-chosen approaches to them, have given a new aspect to the scene. The "lungs of the town," to borrow Mr. Wyndham's phrase, have been most skilfully treated.

But, if Hyde Park calls up the recollection and elicits the comparison above mentioned, how much more will the present age gain, by comparing St. James's Park with the unadorned sameness of a former day. The genius of Nash has here been most favourably employed; and the kindness of the monarch, (George IV.) who directed its opening to the public, must be gratefully felt by the crowds who daily enjoy it. The Regent's Park adds another to these instances of a less exclusive system; and the benefit will be felt in the improved health and morals of the people. By the opportunities thus afforded to the trading and operative classes, the hebdomadal visit to the suburban tavern, or the nightly relaxation of the kittle ground, (to be enjoyed by the husband alone on account of its expense), is exchanged for the healthful recreation of the **WHOLE FAMILY**,—in fields as verdant, and in air as pure, as the most opulent can command: and while the privilege thus enjoyed removes a grudge at the benefits conferred by wealth, it thereby effects a moral and physical change equally beneficial.

But though much has been done, some room may yet remain for the exercise of judgment and taste; and we offer our remarks to the attention of the authorities, so competent to appreciate them justly, and to act upon them should they appear deserving of attention.

The suggestions naturally divide themselves into two heads—beauty and convenience.

In Kensington Gardens, the former would be infinitely increased by substituting a light railing for the southern boundary wall, thereby letting in the view of Hyde Park; and the latter would be promoted by inclosing for the use of the residents of the palace, the north-west portion of the gardens by a quick-hedge, removed a few yards, but parallel to the great walk; affording, with no perceptible diminution of the public convenience, a space for private recreation. For the further promotion of the comforts of the

residents and of the public, we would recommend that a gate for foot passengers be opened from the Kensington-road on a line with the door at the southern extremity of the great walk. The stream of population would, by this arrangement, be carried from the palace; their approach to the gardens from Kensington made more direct; and the quiet of the inhabitants promoted.

In Hyde Park, the most desirable alteration would be to cover, by a brick sewer, the almost stagnant pool, (or at least the centre division,) at the bottom of the Serpentine-river; a delightful turf ride would thus be obtained, (which might be called the Queen's Ride), parallel to the gravel or King's Ride; and a gate opened to it at its eastern angle near the Piccadilly lodge. It should be entirely closed from the end of September to the beginning of May, and the turf carefully attended to. A delightful ride would thus be formed for the ladies, now so generally equestrians, without the annoyance or the danger of contact with carriages.

We would further recommend the immediate removal of such trees as prevent the view from Piccadilly of the statue erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington. This magnificent work of art—however inappropriate, or however little conveying an idea of the occasion of its erection—is yet too grand in its form, and groups too well with the colonnade, to be condemned to have its form mutilated by the intervening foliage. The trees therefore recently planted in front of it, should be removed; and, at the same time, those at the back should be so trimmed as to allow the profile always to be seen against the sky.

We shall avail ourselves of this opportunity of adding a few words upon this statue. By what authority it was misnamed "*Achilles*" we are not informed. By the Italian antiquaries, Venuti and Vasi, they (for there are two statues, very nearly similar, on the Monte Cavallo at Rome, from one of which this is copied) are called Castor and Pollux; by Flaxman they are termed Bellerophon. But whether Achilles, Castor, Pollux, or Bellerophon, we hope—now that a second subscription has been raised for the purpose of consecrating the triumphs of the Duke of Wellington—that the sculptors of the country will not be insulted by the opinion of the committee of management, that it is necessary to import a copy from the antique. At the time of its erection, we boasted the talent of a Flaxman, a Chantrey, a Westmacott, a Bailey, and a Rossi: but they were not required to prepare designs; and a statue was erected, bearing no one attribute or symbol that could by possibility identify it with its object. We may too, on this occasion, be warranted in giving a hint as to the material. *Of the*

many, many thousands of statues in bronze which decorated Greece and Italy, not one has been preserved to us; and it should be a lesson to us not to employ a valuable material for such a purpose. Where is now the Minerva, thirty-nine feet high, made by Phidias, of ivory and gold, holding a Victory in her right hand, the eyes of which, Plato tells us, were precious stones? Where the Olympian Jupiter of Elis, composed of ivory, enriched with a radiance of golden ornaments and precious stones, and esteemed one of the wonders of the world?

The valuable materials of which these works were composed might well become the object of barbarian or civil spoil; but has the baser metal, *bronze*, been more respected? The history of all times denies it. The statues on the Trajan and Antonine columns have been toppled down, and have disappeared; even where bronze has been employed on stone or marble for inscriptions, the letters have been picked out, (as in the arch of Trajan, at Ancona,) for their intrinsic value. In later times, the statue of Henry IV. which decorated the Pont Royal at Paris, was during the revolution cast into pieces of two sous. Our own capital offers us the same lesson:—the statue now at Charing Cross was sold during the troubles of the reign of Charles I. for the value of the material, and only preserved as a speculation of the brazier who purchased it.

Is it too great a stretch of fancy to imagine that the statue which has given occasion to this digression, may in the lapse of ages again be cast into cannon to defend our posterity from the attacks of its former owners; or that the Pitt of Hanover-square, the Fox of Bloomsbury, and the Canning of Westminster, may mingle in the same caldron to challenge the admiration of a future age under the form of an usurping tyrant, a goddess of liberty, or a coinage of penny pieces?

As if to impress these truths more strongly upon our minds, we behold in the British Museum the marble statues which enriched the tympanum and frieze of the very temple which enshrined the splendid statue of Minerva above alluded to. Ages have rolled over them; frequent wars have desolated the city of the immortal Greeks, and slavery for centuries held them in chains; but the *marble* yet remains to attest their former greatness, and to prove to all succeeding times, that such memorials should be formed of a valueless material.

The Green Park affords a great scope for improvement, and the means of a very desirable addition to the beauty of this approach to London. The ranger's house and boundary wall should be removed, and twenty feet added to the width of Piccadilly, from Park-lane to Berkeley-street. The slope from the Reservoir to the road of St.

James's Park, should be arranged in terraces, and enriched with statues, vases, and *bas-reliefs*; and some approximation thereby made to the intellectual character of the continental gardens, the Tuilleries of Paris, the Giardino Reale of Naples, and the Borghese of Rome.

The enclosure of St. James's Park is perfect; but the trees that mask the York Column from the gate of Great George-street, should be removed; thereby effecting the double purpose of opening the Park from the Column, and the Column from the Park.

From this point, (by the paternal attention of his late Majesty, William IV., to his people's comfort and convenience,) we ascend Regent-street, through Waterloo-place, to the termination of our subject, the Regent's Park; and we trust we shall be excused the expression of our regrets that the opportunity of forming the most splendid street in Europe has been so entirely lost. With very few exceptions, there is here no building deserving commendation; and the taste which could have sanctioned many of them cannot be too strongly condemned. Magnificent as its whole course might have been, had the line of the High-street Oxford been kept in view, or attention paid to each succeeding vista, we have now no point at which to stop and admire its effect. Passing on to Oxford-street, we have a repetition of the circle at Piccadilly, and in front a church, which, for deformity in design, exceeds any thing that has been erected during the last fifty years. As if to make this deformity more monstrous, the church is placed at an awkward angle to the street, thus destroying it as an architectural whole, and making an exposure of the baldness of its flanks and the hideous ugliness of its roof.

From hence we are unexpectedly led into Portland-place, confessedly for extent and regularity, if not for beauty, the finest street in Europe,—but how terminated? Instead of continuing by a broad road, as a principal approach to the Regent's Park, it abruptly terminates in a screen of shrubs, low indeed, but just lofty enough to shut out the view of the Park, and of the Highgate and Hampstead Hills, and to injure by their branches and foliage the bronze statue of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent. I fear no power exists for favourable alterations in the line of street; but the power vested in the office of Woods and Forests, and so judiciously exerted at the instance of his late Majesty in opening the approach to St. James's Park by the York Column, might with equal propriety be exerted here. The carriage and footway should be continued in a straight line to the opening of the avenue in the Park, and the statue of the Duke of Kent placed on a column on the

upper ground of the walk. There would then be something of character at each extremity of the line; and it is scarcely possible that it could be more properly terminated than by statues, of which that of the Duke of York reminds us of a period, when, by the indefatigable attention of His Royal Highness, the army attained an efficiency that led, under the conduct of its generals, to universal victory,—and that of the Duke of Kent, to the contemplation of a Prince, who, in the sphere in which he was called upon by Providence to move, displayed a perseverance beyond all praise, in the cause of civil liberty, and the social happiness and charitable institutions of the country. If the alteration here proposed be thought too large, and the compromise so often and so injuriously made between *what ought to be* and *what can easily be effected*, be adopted; then, most assuredly, should the statue be placed at such an elevation as would secure to it the sky for a background.

In the Park itself, we have little to propose, save the greater accommodation of the public, by opening the remaining inclosed spaces, and the addition of some ornamental architecture, affording an opportunity for placing statues, *bassi relievi*, and vases in various parts. The quadrupeds have indeed been turned out, and the bipeds turned in, but with just as much attention to the one as the other. The latter walk listlessly about, enjoying indeed the air and exercise; but the intellect is unemployed. The contemplation of the statue of a benefactor of mankind, either of ancient or modern times, or a *basso rilievo* representing an historical fact, would generate a wish to be informed of the history;—the desire of knowledge would induce reading, and such occupation would remove the relish for gross pleasures. The Parks might then become spaces, adapted not merely to help the people to pass their time, but also to put them in the way of improving it; and a government so disposed might, by the substitution of such amusements for the now too much encouraged dissipation of the gin palace, be placed on the sure basis of public opinion and general happiness.—*Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal.*

Potes of a Reader.

WILLIAM HOWITT'S WALK IN NEW FOREST.
(From one of the most delightful chapters in the Rural Life of England.)

IN my brief visit to New Forest, I set out from Lyndhurst, and walked up to Stony-Cross, the place of Rufus's death. From the moment that I turned up out of Lyndhurst, I seemed to have entered an ancient region. There was an old-world primitive

air about every thing, that filled me with a peculiar feeling of poetry. I left behind the nineteenth century, and was existing in the twelfth or fourteenth. Open knolls, and ascending woodlands on one side, covered with majestic beeches, and the village children playing under them; on the other, the most rustic cottages, almost buried in the midst of their orchard trees, and thatched as Hampshire cottages only are—in such projecting abundance,—such flowing lines. Thatch does not here seem the stiff and intractable thing it does elsewhere; nor is it cut in that square, straight-haired fashion; but it seems the kindest thing in the world. It bends over gables and antique casements in the roof, and comes sweeping down over fronts resting on pillars, and forming verandas and porches; or over the ends of the houses, down to the very ground, forming the nicest sheds for plants, or places to deposit garden-tools, milk-pails, or other rural apparatus. The whole of the cottages thereabout are in equal taste with the roof; so different to the red, staring, square brick houses of manufacturing districts. They seem, as no doubt they are, erected in the spirit, and under the influence, of the *genius loci*. The bee-hives in their rustic rows; the little crofts, all belong to a primitive country. I went on; now coming to small groups of such places; now to others of superior pretensions, but equally blent with the spirit of the surrounding nature;—little paradises of cultivated life. As I advanced, heathery hills stretched away on one hand; woods came down thickly and closely on the other, and a winding road beneath the shade of large old trees, conducted me to one of the most retired and peaceful of hamlets. It was Minstead. There was an old school-house; and beneath the large trees that overshadowed the way, lay huge trunks of trees cut ready for conveyance to the naval dock-yards; and the forest children, on their way to school, were playing amongst them; now climbing upon them, now pushing each other off with merry laughter; boys and girls, as I approached, scampering away, and into the school.

I know not how it is, but such places of woodland and old-fashioned seclusion, of such repose and picture-que simplicity, always bring strongly to my mind the stories of Tiecke. There must be a great similarity in the aspect of these scenes, and of those which he has so much delighted to describe. I thought of the old woman with her dog and bird. Every solitary cottage seemed just such as hers was. I seemed to hear the birch-trees shiver in the breeze, the dog bark, and the bird sing its magic song.

Alone in wood so gay
'T is good to stay,
Morrow like to-day,

For ever and aye :
O, I do love to stay
Alone in wood so gay.

It was early autumn. All birds really had ceased to sing; and the deep hush of nature but made more distinct this spirit-song, amid the delicious reveries in which I went wandering along, enveloped as in a heavenly cloud. All over the moorland ground spread the crimson glow of the heather. I went onward and upward; passing the gates of forest lodges, and looking down into valleys, whence arose the smoke of huts and charcoal-fires. And, anon, I stood upon the airy height, and saw woods below, and felt near me solitude, and a spirit that had brooded there for ages. I passed over high, still heaths, treading on plants that grow only in nature's most uncultivated soil, to the mighty beeches of Boldre Wood, and thence away to fresh masses of forest. Herds of red-deer rose from the fern, and went bounding away, and dashed into the depth of the woods; troops of those gray and long-tailed forest horses turned to gaze as I passed down the open glades; and the red squirrels, in hundreds, scampered up from the ground where they were feeding on falling mast, and the kernels of pinecones, and stamped and chattered on the boughs above me.

A lady who lives on the skirts of the forest, and who moreover has walked through the spirit-land with power, and is known and honoured by all true lovers of pathos and imagination, had solemnly warned me not to attempt to pass through the larger woods without a guide; but what guide, except such as herself, or as the venerable William Gilpin would have been, could one have that we should not wish away ten times in a minute? If we must be lost, why, so let it be; but let us be lost in the freedom of one's own thoughts and feelings. Delighted with the true woodland wildness and solemnity of beauty, I roved onward through the widest woods that came in my way; and once, indeed, I imagined that a guide would really have been agreeable. Awakening as from a dream, I saw far round me, one deep shadow, one thick and continuous roof of boughs, and thousands of hoary boles standing clothed, as it were, with the very spirit of silence. A track in the wood seemed to lead in the direction I aimed at; but having gone on for an hour, here admiring the magnificent sweep of some grand old trees as they hung into a glade, or a ravine, some delicious opening in the deep woods, or the grotesque figures of particular trees, which seemed to have been blasted into blackness, and contorted into inimitable crookedness by the salvage genius of the place,—I found myself again before one of those very remarkable trees which I had passed long before. It

was too singular to be mistaken, and I stood to hold a serious council with myself. As I stood, I became more than ever sensible of the tomb-like silence in which I was. There was not the slightest sound of running water, whispering leaf, or the voice of any creature; the beating of my own heart, the ticking of my watch, were alone heard. It was that deep stillness which has been felt there by others.

The watchmen from the castle top

Almost might hear an scorn drop,

It was so calm and still;

Might hear the stags in Hocknell groen,

And catch, by fits, the distant moan

Of King-garn's little rill.

The Red King.

Whichever way I looked, the forest stretched in one dense twilight. It was the very realization of that appalling hush and bewildering continuity of shade so often described by travellers in the American woods. I had lost now all sense of any particular direction, and the only chance of reaching the outside of the wood was to go as much as possible in one direct line. Away then I went, but soon found myself entangled in the thickest underwood—actually overhead in rank weeds; now on the verge of an impassable bog, and now on that of a deep ravine. Fortunately for me, the summer had been remarkably dry, and the ravines were dry too,—I could descend into them, and climb out on the other side. But the more I struggled on, the more I became confounded. Pausing to consider my situation, I saw a hairy face and a large pair of eyes fixed on me. Had it been a satyr, I felt that I should not have been surprised, it seemed so satyr-like a place. It was only a stag, which, with its head just above the tall fern, and its antlers amongst the boughs, looked very much like Kùhleborn of the Undine story. As I moved towards him he dashed away through the jungle, for so only could it be called, and I could long hear the crash of his progress. Ever and anon, huge swine with a fierce guffaw rushed from their lairs—one might have imagined them the wild boars of a German forest. At length I caught the tinkle of a cow-bell—a cheerful sound, for it must be in some open part of the forest, and, from its distinctness, not far distant. Thitherward I turned, and soon emerged into a sort of island in the sea of woods, a farm, like an American clearing. I sat down on a fallen tree to cool and rest myself, and was struck with the beauty of the place. These green fields lying so peacefully amid the woods, which in one place pushed forward their scattered trees, in another retreated; here sprinkling them out thinly on the common, and there hanging their masses of dark foliage over a low-thatched hut or two. The quiet farm-house, too, surrounded by its belt of tall hollies; the flocks of geese

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(" John of Gaunt's House," Oxon.)

dispersed over the short turf, and the cows coming home out of the forest to be milked: it was a most peaceful picture, and unlike all that citizens are accustomed to contemplate, except in Spenser, or the German writers. These cow-bells, too, have something in their sound so quaint and woodland. They are slung by a leathern strap from the neck of the leader, having neither sound nor shape of a common bell, but are like a tin canister, with a ring at the bottom to suspend them by. They seem like the first rudimental attempt at a bell, and have a sound dull and horny, rather than clear and ringing. The leaders of these herds are said to have a singular sagacity in tracking the woods, and finding their way to particular spots, and home again, by extraordinary and intricate ways.

Having now a clear conception of my position, I proceeded leisurely towards Stony-Cross, the reputed place of the catastrophe of Rufus.

Anecdote Gallery.

"JOHN OF GAUNT'S HOUSE," OXON.

BETWEEN the villages of Standlake and Northmoor, in the Bampton Hundred, westward of Oxford, is the above curious and interesting building, now used as a farm-house, known by the name of Gaunt House, from its being traditionally represented as one of the residences of "time-honoured Lancaster," John of Gaunt. Ant. à Wood has given us, in his MSS. relative to the history of this place, a few particulars, which tend greatly to remove the vague traditions concerning it. He conceives that it was built by John Gaunt and Joan his wife. There was a brass in Standlake church, on which was engraved

the following inscription:—"Orate pro animâ Johannis Gaunt, nuper uxoris Johannis Gaunt, quæ obiit x die Martii, anno Dom. MCCCCLXV." This house was used as a garrison for King Charles in the years 1643 and 1644;—it then belonged to Dr. Samuel Fell, dean of Christchurch, and afterwards to his son, John Fell, D.D., and bishop of Oxford. The old house is partly moated, and there are some traces of a drawbridge. It has evidently been a mansion of some note; but Wood's explanation must be considered as corrective of the common error, by which it has acquired notoriety as a residence of John of Gaunt.

The Public Journals.

THE MEMORABLE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.—
THE FLOATING BATTERIES.

(From a Paper on Sir John Barrow's Life of Admiral Lord Howe; in the Quarterly Review.)

SINCE the siege of Malta by the Turks, no siege had ever been undertaken with such mighty preparations, and carried on with such advantageous circumstances and determined perseverance, as that of Gibraltar. The hope of recovering this place by the assistance of the French seems to have been the chief motive by which Spain was induced to join the alliance against England, having no jarring interests with England, no points of dispute, and not cause enough of complaint to supply matter with any appearance of truth for a plausible manifesto. A Spanish academician and professor, D. Ignacio Lopez de Ayala, published at this time a good history of Gibraltar. The tenaciousness, he said, of the English in retaining this place, the just determination of the Spaniards to recover it, their repeated at-

temple, and the discussions and protests concerning it in Congresses and Parliaments, had rendered it not less famous than the strongest and most important cities in Italy or Flanders. The King of Spain, Charles III., the only one who could avert the ruin with which the English were threatened, had offered his mediation, as a faithful friend and arbitrator, to re-establish peace with France and with the Americans. Having offered it in vain, he was bent upon recovering the key and bulwark of his own empire; a history of Gibraltar then was especially required when the Catholic King was making incredible preparations, both by sea and land, to conquer it. Ayala brought down his history, in three books, to the establishment of the blockade.

The siege had continued three years when Lord Howe sailed from Spithead with thirty-four sail of the line, six frigates, and three fire-ships, with a convoy for the relief of the garrison. Two days before they sailed, the memorable loss of the Royal George occurred; Admiral Kempenfelt and about nine hundred persons being lost in the ship. The calamity was the more grievous, because it appears to have been the consequence of gross neglect in the officers of the Navy Board; the ship having been continued in service till there was not a sound timber in her. When the fleet sailed, the English government was not aware that the renewed preparations of the Spaniards for prosecuting the siege were such in nature and magnitude as had never before been attempted by any power in Europe. A French engineer had constructed floating batteries, which were supposed to be both impregnable and incombustible; they were bomb-proof on the top, with a descent for the shells to slide off, and fortified on the larboard side six or seven feet thick with green timber and raw hides. They were so constructed also, that if a red-hot shot should pierce either their sides or roof, it must pass through a tube, which would discharge water to extinguish any fire that it might cause. The expense of these floating batteries was estimated at 150,000*l.* "*Ce fameux siege,*" says a French journalist, "*occupe toute l'Europe aujourd'hui, et sera certainement l'evenement de la guerre le plus interessant. Il est tres essentiel qu'il se finisse, par les depenses enormes qu'il entraine, la quantite d'hommes et de force navale qu'il occupe depuis trois ans.*" With such preparations and such ample means, the besiegers thought themselves sure of success: the capture of Gibraltar by the floating batteries was exhibited in one of the theatres at Paris, and the Count d'Artois and the Duc de Bourbon went to serve as volunteers at the siege, and to partake in the victory. The grand attack was hastened by the knowledge, which the

enemy had obtained, that Lord Howe was on his way to relieve the fortress; and the Admiral Don Luis de Cordoba was despatched with the combined fleet to prevent this intended relieve, and gave him battle. "The conquest of Gibraltar," says Sir John Barrow, "would have given to the French and Spaniards the entire command of the Mediterranean: the national character and honour of Great Britain would have been lost with it, and our influence to the eastward of the Straits annihilated."

On the 12th of September, 1782, the combined fleets entered the bay:—"It appeared," says Colonel Drinkwater, in his most interesting history of the siege, "as if they meant, previous to their final effort, to strike, if possible, a terror through their opponents, by displaying before us a more powerful armament than had probably ever been brought against any fortress. Forty-seven sail of the line, including three inferior two-deckers, ten battering-ships, deemed perfect in design and esteemed invincible, carrying 212 guns, innumerable frigates, xebecs, bomb-catches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men—these were assembled in the bay. On the land side were strong batteries and works, mounting 200 pieces of heavy ordnance, and protected by an army of nearly 40,000 men, commanded by a victorious and active general of the highest reputation, and animated by the presence of the two princes of the royal blood of France, with other dignified personages, and many of their own nobility. Such a naval and military spectacle most certainly is not to be equalled in the annals of war. From such a combination of power and favourable concurrent circumstances, it was natural enough that they should anticipate the most glorious consequences. Indeed their confidence in the effect to be produced by the battering-ships passed all bounds, and, in the enthusiasm excited by the magnitude of their preparations, it was thought criminal even to whisper a doubt of their success."

The garrison consisted of little more than 7,000 effective men, including the marine brigade, but they were veterans in the service, had been long habituated to the effects of artillery, were well commanded, and had full confidence in their officers. "Their spirits, too, were not a little elevated by the success attending the recent practice of firing red-hot shot, which in this attack they hoped would enable them to bring their labours to an end, and relieve them from the tedious cruelty of a blockade." On the morning of the 13th, the floating batteries got under way. It had been supposed by our naval men that they would be brought before the fortress in the night; few persons, therefore, suspected that their present movement was preparatory to the grand attack; but

observing a crowd of spectators on the beach and upon the neighbouring eminences, and the ships edging down towards the garrison, the Governor thought it would be imprudent to doubt it any longer, and ordered therefore the town batteries to be manned, and the grates and furnaces for heating shot to be lighted. The floating batteries bore down in admirable order for their station, a little past nine o'clock, the most distant being about eleven or twelve hundred yards from the garrison. They took their places in a masterly manner, and our artillery allowed them without molestation to choose their distance; but when the first dropped her anchor, which was about a quarter before ten, that instant our firing commenced. In little more than ten minutes they were all completely moored. "The cannonade then became in a high degree tremendous, 400 pieces of the heaviest artillery playing at the same moment; an instance," Colonel Drinkwater says, "which has scarcely occurred in any siege since the invention of these engines of destruction." An Italian officer, who was in the Spanish fleet, says, that from the cool and intrepid manner in which the attack was begun, great hopes were entertained of certain success. The enemy, indeed, were neither wanting in skill nor courage, and after the firing had continued for some hours, the floating batteries were found to be quite as formidable as they had been represented. The heaviest shells rebounded from their tops, and 32-pound shot seemed to make no visible impression on their hulls. The red-hot shot began to be used about noon, but was not general till between one and two o'clock. The garrison often flattered themselves that some of the batteries were on fire, but no sooner did any smoke appear, than men were observed directing water from their engines within to those places where the smoke issued. "These circumstances," says the historian of the siege, "with the prodigious cannonade which they maintained, gave us reason to imagine that the attack would not be so soon decided as, from our former success against their land batteries, we had expected." Even the artillery at this time had their doubts of the effect of red-hot shot. The enemy at first had elevated their cannon too much, but perceiving this about noon, their firing became powerful and well directed, and the garrison suffered accordingly, being especially annoyed by a flanking and reverse fire from the land. But, totally disregarding the enemy on that side, the artillery directed their sole attention to the floating batteries. The assailants, however, received so little damage, that their sanguine hopes of success were not abated for a considerable time. For some hours, indeed, the attack and defence were so equally well supported, as to show little or

no appearance of superiority in the cannonade on either side. But about two o'clock the enemy began to loose heart, seeing that the battering-ship which carried the admiral's flag, and had the engineer on board, began to smoke on the side exposed to the garrison. They continued their fire, however, and were encouraged by perceiving that the fortification had received some damage. But the garrison were cheered with more reason, for they saw that the smoke from the upper part of the flag-ship was prevailing, notwithstanding the constant application of water, and that the admiral's second was in the same condition. By seven o'clock, the Italian officer says, all the hopes of the assailants vanished. Their firing slackened. By eight o'clock it had almost ceased. Rockets were thrown up as signals of distress. "The red-hot balls had by this time taken such effect, that the enemy now thought of nothing but saving the crews, and the boats of the combined fleet were immediately sent on that pitiable service." Our artillery at this time must have caused dreadful havoc among them. An indistinct clamour, with lamentable cries and groans, proceeded (during the short intervals of cessation) from all quarters; and a little before midnight a wreck floated in with twelve men, all who had escaped out of threescore, which were on board their launch. Though sure that they had an advantage over the enemy, the garrison were not yet aware how complete a victory had been gained.

About an hour after midnight the battering-ship upon which the red-hot shot first produced an effect, burst into flames, and by two o'clock she appeared as one continued blaze from stem to stern. The light was equal to noonday, and enabled our artillery to point their guns with the utmost precision. Between three and four o'clock, six others of these batteries were on fire. They were so close to the walls, the Italian officer says, that the balls pierced into them full three feet; but the holes made in these solid beds of green timber closed up after the shot, and for want of air it was long before the fire-balls produced their effect. It was honourable, indeed, for the garrison thus to have obtained one of the completest defensive actions that has ever been recorded, and over the most formidable floating batteries that had ever been brought to bear against a fortress. But the most honourable display of the British character was yet to be made. Howe's friend, Captain Curtis, who commanded the marine brigade, had not been able during the day to bring his gun-boats against the battering-ships, because of the wind and the heavy swell. The sea having become calm about three o'clock in the morning, he drew up his boats so as to flank the line of the battering-ships; he had twelve

gun-boats, each carrying an eighteen or twenty-four-pounder, which kept up their fire with great effect, while a very heavy and destructive fire was directed towards the same point by the garrison. "The boats of the enemy," says Captain Curtis, "durst not approach; they abandoned their ships, and the men in them were left to our mercy or to the flames." Daylight now appeared, and two feluccas which had not escaped endeavoured to get away, but a shot from a gun-boat killing four men in one of them, they submitted. Learning then from their prisoners that many men were unavoidably left by their friends on board the burning ships, Captain Curtis directed all his exertions to rescue them. "The scene before me," he says in his official letter, "was at this time dreadful; numbers of men crying from amidst the flames, some upon pieces of wood in the water, others in the ships where the fire had as yet made but little progress, all expressing by speech and gesture the deepest distress, and all imploring assistance, formed a spectacle of horror not to be described. The blowing up of the ships around us as the fire got to the magazines, and the firing of the cannon of others as the metal became heated by the flames, rendered this a very perilous employment; but we felt it as much a duty to make every effort to relieve our enemies from so shocking a situation, as an hour before we did to assist in conquering them." One of the battering-ships blew up about five o'clock, and soon afterwards another in the centre of the line. The wreck from this spread far and wide, to the imminent danger of the British gun-boats; one was sunk, but the crew were saved. Curtis's coxswain was killed, several of his people were wounded, and a piece of timber falling into the pinnace, went through her bottom; she was only saved from sinking by the sailors stuffing their jackets into the hole. Yet though it was then deemed prudent to withdraw towards the garrison, Captain Curtis visited two other ships on his return, and had, what he truly called, the inexpressible happiness of saving thirteen officers and three hundred and forty-four men, all Spaniards; thirty of these, who were wounded, were taken from among the slain in the hold, and carried to the garrison's hospital. There was reason to believe that a great many of the wounded perished in the flames, though it was impossible that greater exertions could have been made to save them. Six of the battering-ships were still in flames. Three of them blew up before eleven o'clock; the other three burnt to the water's edge, the magazines having been wetted before the principal officers had quitted the ships. The Spanish admiral did not leave his ship till nearly midnight, the other officers much

earlier. There remained two battering-ships, which the conqueror hoped to save "as glorious trophies of his success," but one of them unexpectedly burst out in flames, and shortly afterwards blew up; and the other, when it was found impracticable to preserve it, was burnt by our sailors.

Spirit of Discovery.

THE STEAM-ENGINE.

(From a luminous paper, entitled "Ocean Steamers," in the Monthly Chronicle.)

"WITHIN the memory of persons who have not yet passed the meridian of life, the possibility of traversing by the steam-engine the channels and seas that surround and intersect these islands, was regarded as the dream of enthusiasts. Nautical men, and men of science, rejected such speculations with equal incredulity, and with little less than scorn for the understandings of those who could for a moment entertain them. Yet have we lived to witness the steam-engine traversing, not these channels and seas alone, but sweeping the face of the waters round every coast in Europe. The seas which interpose between our Asiatic dominions and Egypt, and those which separate our own shores from our West-Indian possessions, have offered an equally ineffectual barrier to its power. Nor have the terrors of the Pacific prevented the "Enterprise" from doubling the Cape, and reaching the shores of India. If steam be not used as the only means of connecting the most distant habitable points of our planet, it is not because it is inadequate to the accomplishment of that end, but because the supply of the material from which at the present moment it derives its powers is restricted by local and accidental circumstances."*

The irresistible energy of British enterprise, aided by the inexhaustible resources of national art and science, is rapidly enlarging these limits, not indeed as yet by the discovery of a new element of power, (though even that may not be far distant,) but by economising the consumption, and improving the application of the combustible, to the properties of which the nation is already so largely indebted for her greatness.

When we pause and look back upon the birth and growth of steam power, it is impossible not to be filled with astonishment at the colossal magnitude to which it has already attained, though it cannot be justly regarded as having passed the state of adolescence. It is little more than sixty years since Watt found the steam-engine a mere pump, (and not a very perfect one,) used for the drainage of mines; and within a few short years afterwards, he bestowed upon it powers, the extent and influence of which on the well-being

* Lardner on the Steam-Engine, 6th edit. London, 1836. Also, Edinburgh Review, October, 1832, p. 104.

of the human race have thrown into the shade every other production of art or science. Whether we regard the history of this invention as to time or place, the effects which it has produced, or the means by which it has produced these effects, we find every thing to gratify our national pride, excite our wonder, and command our admiration.

Within the last century the steam-engine had its birth, and was cradled in Britain. The offspring of British genius, it was fostered by British enterprise, and supported by British capital. It has grown with a rapidity which has no example in the annals of mechanical invention to its present giant stature. To enumerate its effects would be to count almost every comfort and every luxury of civilized life. It has increased the sum of human happiness, not only by calling new pleasures into existence, but by so cheapening former enjoyments, as to render them attainable by those who never could have hoped to share them. Nor are these effects confined to England alone; they extend over the whole civilized world; and the savage tribes of America, Asia, and Africa, already begin to feel, in a thousand ways, directly and indirectly, the advantages of this all-powerful agent.

Regarded as affecting the material condition of man, the steam-engine has no rival. Considered as a moral and social agent, it may be placed beside, if not before, the press. Extensive as were the former powers of that vast instrument of intellectual advancement, who can measure the augmentation which its influence has received from its combination with the steam-engine?

But among the unnumbered benefits which this creation of Watt has showered on mankind, there is assuredly none attended with consequences of such magnitude and importance as the powers of locomotion, both by land and water, which it has conferred upon us. Every line of easy and rapid intercommunication between nation and nation is a new bond of amity, and a channel through which streams of reciprocal beneficence will flow. The extension of commercial relations thus produced will generate community of interests, and will multiply the motives for the maintenance of universal peace. Channels will be opened, through which information and knowledge will pass from people to people; civilization will be stimulated, morals elevated, taste cultivated, manners refined. The temples of superstition will be razed to the ground, the darkness of ignorance dispelled, national antipathies uprooted, and the population of the globe taught to regard themselves as denizens of one great commonwealth, and children of one common FATHER.

Such are the benefits which flow from the triple league of the Steam-engine with the Press, the Ship, and the Railway. These are

the combined powers to which nations may securely tender unqualified allegiance. This is the true Holy Alliance, which will cause the sceptre to tremble in the hands of the despot, and the chains to fall from the limbs of the slave.

THE QUICKSILVER STEAMER.

ONE of the boldest enterprises among the projected improvements of the steam-engine, which has emerged from the condition of a mere experiment, is the vapour engine, as it is called, of Mr. Howard. The extent to which the economy of the combustible is professed to be carried by this contrivance is sufficiently startling to entitle it to attention; and as trips of some length have been already made by vessels propelled by engines on this principle, and a vessel is in preparation for the Atlantic voyage, we should hardly be justified in classing it among mere speculations, or in passing it over without particular notice.

Mr. Howard applies the furnace, not immediately to the water, but to a pan of quicksilver. He proposes to maintain this at a temperature below its boiling point, but very much above the boiling point of water. On the surface of this hot quicksilver he injects the water, which is converted instantaneously into steam, containing much more heat than is sufficient to maintain it in the vaporous form.

This superheated steam is used to work the piston; and being subsequently condensed by means of a jet of fresh water, the mixture of warm water, produced by the steam and the water injected, is conducted through the cooling pipes, and subsequently used—partly to supply the water for evaporation, and partly to supply the water for injection. Thus, in this contrivance, as it now stands, not only the boiler, but the use of sea-water is altogether dispensed with; the same distilled water constantly circulating through the cylinder and the condenser. It appears to have an advantage over Hall's condenser, inasmuch as it preserves the method of condensing by injection, which has, since a very early epoch in the history of the steam-engine, been found to be attended with considerable advantages over any method of condensation by cold surface. It is right, however, to state, that the idea of supplying the water of injection by cooling the water drawn from the condenser, by passing it through pipes, has been patented by Mr. Symington.

The economy of fuel proposed to be attained by Mr. Howard's contrivance is so great, that, if it should prove successful, it must put every other form of marine engines altogether out of use. We regret that we have not had opportunities of immediate observation of the experimental results of this engine; but they have inspired confidence

into several persons competent to judge of them, who have not hesitated to embark capital in their realization and improvement. The question must now soon be decided, as the steam-vessel *Columbus*, having her machinery constructed on this principle, is understood to be in a forward state of preparation at Liverpool for the Atlantic voyage.

As the British and American Steam Navigation Company proposes to introduce the method of condensation by surface into the British Queen, we shall have all the different expedients, which afford an immediate prospect of material improvement in the economy of fuel and the preservation of the machinery, speedily in operation on the Atlantic, and the results of experience will afford grounds for judging the respective merits more conclusive than any theoretical skill can pretend to offer.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

The Naturalist.

FLOWER-GARDENS OF THE ANCIENTS.

By James Macaulay, Esq. M.A.

[This very interesting paper, full of the lore of classic gardening, graces the pages of the *Magazine of Natural History*.]

It is always asserted by modern writers on gardening, that the ancients did not cultivate flowers as a source of amusement.—In the descriptions, it is said, of all the most famous gardens of antiquity which have come down to us, we read merely of their fruits and their shade; and when flowers are mentioned, they are always reared for some special purpose, such as to supply their feasts, or their votive offerings.

Considered merely as a useful art, gardening must be one of the earliest cultivated; but as a refined source of pleasure, it is always one of the latest. It is not till civilization and elegance are far advanced among a people, that they can enjoy the poetry or the pleasure of the artificial associations of nature. Hence this question is interesting, as illustrating the manners and the tastes of the times referred to.

Negative proofs are not sufficient to determine the point. To show that the gardens of the Hesperides contained nothing but oranges; or that of King Alcinoüs (Odys. vii.) nothing but a few fruit-trees and pot-herbs, does not disprove the opinion that others cultivated flowers as a source of pleasure.

Before speaking of the Roman flower-gardens, I would offer a few remarks on those of Greece and the east.

From the little mutability of oriental customs, their ancient gardening did not probably differ much from that of modern times. The descriptions given by Maundrell, Russell, and other travellers, agree with

what we read in the Scriptures of the Hebrew gardens three thousand years ago.

Solomon, who had so extensive a knowledge of the vegetable kingdom, that he knew plants from the cedar of Lebanon to the moss on the wall, enumerates gardening among the pleasures he had tasted in his search after happiness: "I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards."—Eccles. ii. 14.

From Xenophon and other writers we have a few notices of the Persian gardens. Xenophon relates that Cyrus was much devoted to the pleasures of gardening; and wherever he resided, or whatever part of his dominions he visited, he took care that the gardens should be filled with every thing, both beautiful and useful, which the soil could produce. These were sometimes only hunting-parks, or inclosed forests, but there were also flower-gardens among them. Cicero ("De Senectute") relates the following anecdote of Cyrus. When Lysander the Spartan came to him with presents to Sardis, Cyrus showed him all his treasures and his gardens;—and when Lysander was struck with the height of the trees, and the arrangement and fine cultivation of the grounds, and the sweetness of the odours which were breathed upon them from the flowers, ("suavitate odorum qui afflarentur e floribus," he said, that he admired not only the diligence but the skill of the man, who had contrived and laid out the garden. And Cyrus answered, "*Atqui ego omnia ista sum dimensus; mei sunt ordines; mea descriptio; multæ etiam istarum arborum meæ manus sunt sate.*"

One of the earliest and best known of all the Grecian gardens is that of King Alcinoüs, described in the *Odyssey*. "What," says Sir Robert Walpole, "was that boasted paradise with which

"——— the Gods ordained
To grace Alcinoüs and his happy land?"

Why, divested of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs, and two fountains that watered them, inclosed within a quick-set hedge!" Of course, the whole scene is a mere romantic creation of the poet; but, in describing it, he would be guided by what actually existed in nature, and, perhaps, took his idea of the garden from some particular spot with which he was acquainted. It is described as consisting of four acres, surrounded by a fence, and adjoining the gates of the palace. It contained a few trees for shade and for fruits, and two fountains; one for the palace, and the other for the garden. But then he thus ends the simple and beautiful picture of the place with these lines:—"And there are beautiful plots of all kinds of plants at the

extreme borders of the garden, flowering all the year round."

The Athenians always had flower-gardens attached to their country-houses, one of which Anacharsis visited. "After having crossed a court-yard, full of fowls and other domestic birds, we visited the stables, sheep-folds, and likewise the flower-garden; in which we successively saw bloom narcissuses, hyacinths, irises, violets of different colours, roses of various species, and all kinds of odoriferous plants."*

There was at Athens a public flower-market, and there were persons whose trade it was to make bouquets, and to construct letters with flowers symbolical of certain sentiments; as is still done in oriental countries.

The gardens of Epicurus, and the other philosophers, were mere groves and shaded walks, where the disciples were wont to listen to the lessons of their masters:

"Atque inter sylvas academici querere verum."

We are not to look for ornamental gardening in the early history of the Romans, as the soil of their little *horti* was cultivated merely for the sake of procuring the necessities of life. Excellence in war and in agriculture were the chief virtues as well as duties of the citizens; and we find *bonus agricola* and *bonus colonus* used as synonymous with a good man. Some of the noblest families of Rome derived their names from particular grains, such as the *Lentuli*, *Pisones*, *Fabii*, and many others. The story of Cincinnatus being found by the messengers of the senate at the plough, is well known; and Curius, after triumphing over the Samnites, the Sabines, and Pyrrhus, spent his old age in the labours of the field. So late as the Punic wars, Regulus, in the midst of his victories in Africa, wrote to the senate, that his steward had left his service, and stolen his implements of agriculture; and begged leave of absence from the army, to see about his affairs, and prevent his family from starving. The senate took the business in hand, recovered his tools, and supported his wife and children till his return.

It was not till they had come much in contact with the Greeks that the Romans would be anxious about pleasure or elegance in their gardens; for it was thence they derived their taste for all the arts of peace:

"Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit: et artes
Intulit agresti Latio."

Even in later Roman authors, the allusions to gardening often relate more to the general pleasures and occupations of a country life, than to the special cultivation of flowers. But this is the richest theme in all ages, inasmuch as the subordinate dis-

* For authorities see 'Voyage d'Anacharsis,' tome v. p. 30.

play of human art in gardening is eclipsed from the eye of the poet, by the beauties of nature even there displayed. The scene of the "Song of Solomon" is hid in a garden; but the finest allusions which it contains are to the general appearance of nature. For example: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over, and gone: the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."—And, again: "Come, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the vineyards; let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth: there will I give thee my loves."

Our own poets, when they paint a modern garden, dwell most on its shade and freshness, its verdure and music, without descending to particular description. Examples of this must occur to every one.—The garden of the Corycian old man, described in the fourth Georgic, and other similar classical scenes, are sometimes quoted, as proving the absence of flowers as part of the ornaments of an ancient garden. But we must not thus judge from negative or detached instances: we might as well argue the poverty of that of Horace, merely from what he says in his invitation to Phyllis:—

———— "Est in horto
Phylli, nec tendis apium coronis:
Est hederae vis
Multa, quæ crines religata fulgeat."

He mentions only what was connected with his drinking invitation; the parsley being supposed to ward off intoxication, and the ivy being the sacred plant of Bacchus.

Nor is the garden of Lucullus, which is so often referred to, to be regarded as a specimen either of the art or the taste of his time. We are told of its terraces and fish-ponds, its statues and sumptuous temples, and not of the cultivation of flowers; but this was alluded to by his own contemporaries. Cicero records, that Lucullus was often blamed for the vast extravagance displayed in his Tusculan villa; and says, that he used to excuse himself by pointing to two neighbours, a knight and a freedman, who tried to vie with him in the splendour of their gardens.

In Latin authors, the word *Hortus* seems to have four distinct significations. First, a garden, analogous to the gardens of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg, at Paris, composed chiefly of shaded walks, with statues, water-works, and other ornaments. Such were the gardens of Lucullus, Cæsar, Pompey, Mæcenæ, and the rich Patricians, who used to seek popularity by throwing

them open to the people. The second signification is, a little farm, or any place for the cultivation of esculent vegetables. Perhaps the garden of the Corycian old man was only one of these; but they seldom contained such a variety as we find there. In the laws of the twelve tables, *hortus* is always put for a farm, or a villa. The third sort of *hortus* was devoted to the cultivation of those flowers, which were used at festivals and ceremonies, and for similar special purposes. Such were the "*biferi rosaria Pasti*;" and gardens of this sort surrounded the city, to supply the markets. It is to these three species of *horti* alone that modern authors refer; but there are many allusions in the Classics, showing that the Romans had flower-gardens for pleasure, as well as utility. Such were the "*delicati horti*," the "*venusti hortuli*" of private individuals, which we read of in Tibullus, Phædrus, Martial, and other authors, who occasionally refer to the domestic manners of the Romans. If they cultivated their flowers for the purposes alluded to, a single dinner-party, or a few chaplets, would have stripped bare the whole garden.

The citizens of Rome used to cultivate plants in the balconies of their houses, (Hor. I. Ep. x. &c.,) and to rear flowers in boxes and flower-pots, which were called "*Horti imaginarii*," (Pliny.) It is not likely that the rich would do this, merely to procure materials for their votive offerings, or to supply the ornaments for their entertainments, when these could be easily purchased at the public markets. It shows that a taste for their cultivation, as objects of amusement, did prevail, which followed them even amidst the "fumum, et opes, strepitumque Romæ."

There are, also, small garden-grounds attached to the houses in many of the streets of Herculaneum, which, from their size and their position in a great city, could not have been used, either for the cultivation of the festal flowers, or of esculent vegetables, and probably contained only a few beds of flowers for ornament.

The Gatherer.

Effective Preaching.—In 1104, when Henry I. was in Normandy, a prelate named Serlo, preached so eloquently against the fashion of wearing long hair, that the monarch and his courtiers were moved to tears; and, taking advantage of the impression he had produced, the enthusiastic prelate whipped a pair of scissors out of his sleeves, and cropped the whole congregation.—*Planché.*

Touching for the Evil was, in past ages, a pretended miracle, performed by our sovereigns at their coronations. In the parish

register books of St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, is a list of persons, with their ages, whom James II. had touched for the cure of the "evil" at his coronation!

Trotzendorf, the celebrated German school-master, of the sixteenth century, encouraged his scholars to learn music, by saying: "Learn to sing, my dear boys, and then, if you go to heaven, the angels will admit you into their choir."

Natural History.—So great is the desire now evinced to obtain the various species of the brute creation for the metropolitan and provincial "Zoological Gardens," that the importation of animals has become an every-day commercial transaction. During one week lately, there arrived in the Docks, a rhinoceros, tiger, porcupine, sloth bear, Indian elk, axis deer, and several birds. The four first were purchased for "the Surrey Zoological Gardens."

Tehraun, or Teheraun, stated to have been recently captured by the Russians, is the present capital of Persia. It is surrounded with a strong mud wall, about four miles in circuit, but contains no building of consequence, except the royal citadel, or fortified palace. Half a century ago, it was an inconsiderable place; and it started at once into the first consequence under Aga Mahomed Khan, the uncle to the present Shah, and the first sovereign that made this city a royal residence. It is 242 miles north of Ispahan, and about half that distance from the southern shore of the Caspian Sea.

The Canada Thistle can only with great difficulty be eradicated, on account of the distance to which its roots penetrate. An instance is related of its descending roots having been dug out of a quarry nineteen feet in length; and it has been found to shoot out horizontal roots in every direction, some eight feet in length, in a single season.

Old London Bridge.—"As fine as London Bridge," was formerly a proverbial saying in the city; and many a serious, sensible tradesman used to believe that heap of enormities to be one of the seven wonders of the world, and, next to Solomon's temple, the finest thing that ever art produced.

The Coronation.

The two preceding Numbers of the Mirror are entirely occupied with an Original Narrative of the recent CORONATION of HER MAJESTY, illustrated with TWO LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

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